



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Bands and Circles of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

Published Every Month.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 2.

Aerostic.

P—alm Branches strayed they in the way
 A—s Judah's lowly King rode by;
 L—oud the hosannas sung that day,
 M—any the voices raised on high.

B—ut we, the heirs of ages past,
 R—eading the story o'er and o'er,
 A—nd thinking of God's gifts so vast,
 N—ew day by day and evermore,—
 C—an we our meed of praise deny, [die?
 H—old light the Love that for our sakes could

The Modern Macedonian Cry.

If we, in the home-land, privileged far beyond our deserts, could exchange places for a single day with one of our heathen sisters, think you would our after life be as indifferent as now to their claims? Would not the memory of the hopelessness, the anguish and degradation of that one day forever incite us to more strenuous effort to send to them—the life long sufferers—the sweet gospel story with all its alleviating tendencies?

We believe there never was a time in the history of our Canadian Methodist missionary work when the call came more distinctly than now to us, as women, to engage in some form or other of this work. There are those whom the Lord has set in families—whose home ties are so binding, that in unmistakable tones He asks them by gifts of prayer and means to work here for those yonder. But there are others to whom perhaps He is speaking just as distinctly, and hear Him, they must, would they but bend their ear and listen for the gentle

tones, as He asks them for His sake to sever ties of home and country, and give themselves to this work.

This year the need for women workers seems more prominent than ever. At the board meeting held at Ottawa, one of our returned missionaries from Japan pleaded, as one alone could who had been on the field and knew the needs of the work, for more workers.

Dr. Retté Gifford in one of her last letters home says 'I wish I could present before you China as it now lies in heathen darkness and degradation, could you but realize the great responsibility that is resting upon you, as christians, in regard to this and other lands you would at once arise to obey that last command of our Saviour, 'Go preach the gospel to every creature.' The women of Japan and China, through the two missionaries, are pleading for the Light. Will there not be found among those to whom the claims of this work are very near and sacred some who, in answer to this Macedonian cry, will take one step farther and cheerfully respond 'Here am I Lord, send me.'"

At the last Board meeting the Executive was authorized to send, during the year, a medical missionary and a trained nurse to China, and two missionaries to Japan. An appeal has been issued in different missionary periodicals for workers in the Indian, Japanese and Chinese fields.

Are there not some of our young women who have taken up the honorable professions of medicine and nursing who will be willing, for the sake of Him who came 'not to be ministered unto but to minister,' to sever home ties and

enter into broader service in the regions beyond, whose inhabitants as yet know nothing of the sweet story of redemptive grace?

Are there none of our young people qualifying as school-teachers who, with a consecration so complete that it will stop nothing short of the giving of *themselves* to this work, will go as seed sowers in the untilled soil of heathendom's vast fields?

Lydia Trimble, a missionary in China, sent out by the American Board of Missionaries writes: "I am asking the Lord to speedily send us more workers, six at least, and every mail I look for news of their coming. Oh, if only the young women of American Methodism could have the urgent needs of this field press and rest on their hearts for a time, you could not keep them at home, they would be anxious and eager to come! Praise God I'm here, rare blessed privilege it is! I am well and happy."

We have crossed the threshold of 1894, may we not hope that it will be forever known in missionary history as the year when the young women of our church cheerfully, gladly came forward and dedicated themselves to this work!

Time is so short, Eternity so long that we cannot afford to do other than give of our best to the service of Him who for our sakes left a throne of glory and had not where to lay his head

Will you not, dear young girls of our mission circles and bands, think over, pray over this question, freighted with such solemn import, and if God confers the high honor upon you of calling you to this work, will you not respond as He would have you, even though the response may lead you to the open tomb of buried hopes and cherished life-plans of your own formulating but "Even Christ pleased not himself."

S. K. WRIGHT.

A Christmas in Port Simpson.

(CONCLUDED.)

Christmas morning about ten o'clock many of the villagers, accompanied by the bands and marching to music come to the mission house to shake hands with the missionaries, and wish them a Happy Christmas. Indians find the word "merry" very hard to pronounce, so instead of that they use the word "happy."

At 11.30 a. m. the church bell rings to call

all to the morning service. The large church is always crowded on that day, many extra seats usually having to be carried in. All the people come who possibly can and all who can afford it have new outfits for this grand occasion. Those too poor for this get on all they can, to make themselves look "dressed up."

And the church—transformed it is indeed. From the centre of the ceiling is hung a circular wreath made of cedar; from that long thick wreaths are carried to reach the four corners, then again to the middle posts and along the sides in graceful waves; but at each end of the building forming high arches, one over the pulpit, the other over the front door. Over the pulpit and underneath the arch were placed the painted figures of two lifesized angels, one playing on a harp, the other on the trumpet. The words "Peace on earth, good will to men" in large white letters on black thread were carried out as if the words came from the trumpet. Over the front door was another painting also done by Indians. Along the middle aisle at equal distances were placed four evergreen arches. The platform—temporarily enlarged—was also very prettily decorated, light airy paper chains relieved the heavy green decorations. The organ and choir have been elevated; the pulpit stand moved to the front of the large platform, has made room for the choir behind the minister.

The members of the brass band, in uniform, occupy the front seats. As we enter they are playing "Joy to the world the Lord has come." Then the usual service is held. The choir have two anthems, one in English, the other in their own language. At the close of the service the bands again play, while all the people greet one another.

During the afternoon the people enjoy themselves in various ways. The children from the "Home," whose parents reside in the village, spend the afternoon at their own homes. The number left in the "Home" is large enough for them not to be at all lonesome.

But the day after Christmas is the great day for the children, when the boys from the boy's home and all the missionaries gather in the large dining room in the girl's home, which has been tastefully decorated. But the crowning piece is the large Christmas Tree, and the hearts of the children are made happy by simple gifts and a real good time.

S. L. H.

Hymn.

I want to be a gleaner,
And with the reapers stand,
For all the grain, so golden
Is ripe on every hand.
The harvest now is plenteous,
The labourers are few;
And there is some work always,
For little hands to do.

I'll take a cup of water,
Or run on errands small,
To cheer the reapers onward;
The Master needs it all.
Then, when the morning's freshest,
I will my work begin,
The simplest task for Jesus
A sure reward will win.

And while the sheaves they gather
I'll glean the scattered grain,
That when the day is ended
I may follow home the train,
And lay my precious gleanings
Close by the Master's feet,
And hear "Well done, my little child,"
His commendation sweet!

W. M. S. Hymnal.

Field Studies for March.

OUR INDIAN WORK; AND
METHODIST ORPHANAGE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Our subject is pretty wide, even if we do come nearer home this time. We have many thousands of Indians living in British Columbia and the Northwest. Many hundreds have never heard the Gospel. Their lives before they hear of Christ are very dark; the homes are filthy. The wigwams are not very large and the fire is in the middle, the smoke going out by a hole in the roof. Their heathenish dances are terrible and in them the Indians act more like wild animals than men and women.

They are often very cruel and will kill the old people, when they become too old to work. And parents will sell their children and even husbands their wives to wicked white men. However, the poor Indian knows no better, and will not if we do not hurry up and do what we can to send the Good News faster.

Our Woman's Missionary Society has two Indian homes in British Columbia, one at Port Simpson near the north, and one at Chilliwack nearer the south of the province. There are 33 inmates at Port Simpson and 26 at Chilliwack. Many of these were converted a year ago and

are trying by God's help to live as Christ would have them live. Some of them have to struggle against ugly tempers and I am sure our prayers will help them. If every one of the 6640 mission band members would pray every day in March for these Indian girls, how many would there be. And we must not forget that the missionaries need our prayers, too. They have to work hard and often have many trials that we know nothing about. We have six missionaries in this work, one of them is at home for a year's rest. But even when our missionaries come home they do another kind of work, for they go about to different places and tell the people about the work that has been done. We might almost call them Home missionaries.

There is a hospital at Port Simpson besides the home, and our Society supports the nurse who cares for the sick. Both she and her patients deserve a large share of our prayers. We also have a committee of ladies who have Indian affairs particularly in their charge and I think they need our prayers to be guided aright.

And now we must not forget our little orphan sisters in St. John's, Newfoundland. There are 27 girls in the Orphanage, and we should be glad that kind people are trying to do something to help them, now that they are deprived of the care and love of their parents.

Newfoundland people are generally fishermen and they run great risks in getting a living. Very many sad deaths occur every year, and then if there were no one to care for the orphans, would it not be even more sad?

Questions for March.

- What are the subjects for study this month?
- Are there many Indians in British Columbia and the Northwest?
- Have they ever heard the Gospel?
- What can you tell of their lives? Of their homes? Of their dances?
- Are the Indians kind or cruel?
- Mention some of the cruel things they do?
- What can we do to help them and make them kind?
- How many Homes has our W. M. S. in British Columbia?
- Where are these Homes?
- How many inmates at Port Simpson?
- How many at Chilliwack?
- Are any of these converted?
- What have they to struggle against?
- What can Mission Band members do to help them?
- Do the Missionaries need our prayers also?
- How many Missionaries have we in this work?
- Are the Missionaries idle when they come home to rest?
- What society supports the Nurse in the Hospital at Port Simpson?
- Do all who are in charge need our prayers?
- What is an Orphanage?
- How many orphans are there in the Home in Newfoundland?
- What makes so many orphans in Newfoundland?
- Are you not glad that we are trying to help them?

Palm Branch.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

S. E. SMITH, - - - EDITOR.

All Band reports and notes must be sent through the Band Corresponding Secretaries.

All other articles intended for publication must be addressed to

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282 Princess Street,
St. John, N. B.

All subscriptions for paper and other monies must be sent, and all business communications addressed to

MISS ANNIE L. OGDEN,
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Richmond Street, West,
Toronto, Ont.

FEBRUARY 1894.

Will our old readers pardon us (and perhaps we should crave the pardon of our new readers, too) if we subjoin an extract from our first Editorial published two years ago.

"By the way, before we proceed any further, tell us how you like the name? We requested of our friends and neighbours some suggestions, but were obliged to fall back upon our own devices. Our first thought was to call it the Olive Branch, as a name appropriate to a young and tender plant just bursting into life, needing all the nourishment and support which the various Mission Bands could give it. But we remembered that it was the tendency of young things to grow and develop, and our imagination was not confined to the present, it went into the future and dreamed of a possible day when our tender plant might become a strong and vigorous tree, giving rest and shelter to the needy and making a home for the singing birds. Then its very modest name would be inappropriate to its larger stature, so we thought it well to be more ambitious at first, and give it a chance to grow into its name, instead of outgrowing it; we always believe in having a high standard and striving to attain unto it.

Perhaps some of our younger readers can tell us why we preferred the second thought and so called it the Palm instead of the Olive branch."

We quote this to show that prophecy is on its way to fulfilment. While we are pleased to number so many new readers in our list we realize the fact that this largely increases our responsibility.

We quote again, this time from our second editorial:

"None of you guessed the conundrum propounded in our last, as to why we called our little paper The Palm Branch; or, rather, you did all guess, but none of you sent us the answer, so of course we must explain ourselves.

Well, it was suggested by the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, nearly two thousand years ago, of Christ, our King, so soon to become in very truth the 'Man of Sorrows.' Those who believed in Him then, and were truly loyal to His cause, cut down branches of the palm trees and strewed them in the way; and ever little children cried, 'Hosanna, to the son of David.'

That was nearly two thousand years ago; but once again there will be a triumphal procession, when He, whose right it is to reign, will come to claim the whole wide world for his own, and the humblest worker in the Mission Bands, doing what she can for the success of missions, is hastening on the day.

So you see our little Palm Branch is a token of victory—victory for missions—and the victory of missions is the victory of Christ."

Subscriptions wanted right away, for PALM BRANCH! What are you doing? Are you making a thorough canvass and getting up clubs in the Bands? If not, please begin this, work right away, for we have it on highest authority, viz., the Executive Council, that on the number of our subscribers depends not only the success, but the very existence of our paper. A word to the wise is sufficient!

Any subscriber not receiving the papers regularly will please communicate with the Editor.

Our intention was to make this month's paper a Japanese number, but from various causes we have had to abandon the idea.

Answers to Correspondents.

BAIE VERTE.—You date the year from the time you pay, which is wrong. You received the four numbers of both years' quarterly PALM BRANCH: February, May, August and November.

"O hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no plaint,
Lift up your eyes;
Somewhere beyond, the life you give is found;
Somewhere, we know, by God's own hand is crowned
Love's sacrifice."

Mildred's New Year's Resolution.

By L. A. S.

(CONCLUDED)

When Mildred and Stevie entered Miss Gaines' pleasant sitting room, they found five little girls and Stevie's friend, Bert Gray, already there. Lill Hardy drew down the corners of her mouth, and said, rather scornfully, "If here isn't Miss Benson!" I didn't suppose she would condescend to come to our meetings again."

But Miss Gaines clasped Millie's hand warmly, wishing her a "Happy New Year," and patted Stevie's red cheek as she said; "Here's the boy I can always depend upon," which made him feel proud as a peacock.

Pretty soon Tibbie Larkins came in, making nine in all. The girls sewed patch-work, and the little boys drew maps of Africa, which would have made Stanley or Bishop Taylor laugh "out loud." When they began to grow restless, Miss Gaines read a letter she had received from a lady who was much interested in a certain girls' school in Japan. She had sent a box of dolls and other presents for Christmas, and was already making plans for the coming year. "And she has written to me, girls," said Miss Gaines, "because she knows how well our Band worked last year. She seems to think you started as if you could hold out; so she wishes to know if we can furnish a dozen dolls neatly dressed." "O, I am sure we can," cried Mildred, impulsively, "We can fill a box just as easy. Why I'd just love to dress dolls for those little Japan girls." Lill Hardy and Tibbie Larkins exchanged meaning glances, while Beth Mason giggled. "If you come to the meetings once in eight or ten weeks, I think you might dress one doll, perhaps. If it was a very small one," remarked Lill, in her high, thin voice. The girls laughed now outright, and Miss Gaines smiled even while she was shaking her head at them. Mildred's face flushed, and her eyes filled with hot, angry tears; but she was too honest to deny her faults. "I know it," she faltered, "I know I've stayed away—I don't know why; but I'm not going to any more—that is unless some folks are too provoking to live with." Here she gave Lill a crushing glance. "And I made a resolution the other night, though I had a cold and couldn't go to church, but perhaps it's just as good, that I would come to the meetings every time I possibly could, so there now!"

Mildred's voice grew steady as she talked, and when she closed her remarks she was sitting very straight, and broke the thread from her patchwork with a snap, for a period. "Good for you!" piped Stevie, with head bent low over a very crooked Congo river. The girls were evidently impressed, and Miss Gaines' face glowed with pleasure. "If we all join in that resolution; I think we can 'resolve' to help fill that box," said she. "Let's" said the girls, and the next minute, they were discussing how many dolls to buy, how large they should be, how they should be dressed, and all other matters that have to be decided. But this was not the end of it.

When Mildred was ready to go home, Miss Gaines called her aside and said: "Milly, you don't know how much good your resolution has done. I was feeling very discouraged about the Band, and had decided that I could not keep it this year. The girls were losing their interest, and, Millie, it was because you stayed away." "Because I stayed away?" repeated Mildred, opening her eyes very wide. "Yes, for you were the first to join, and the first to work for members. You held the other girls as a little magnet holds a lot of needles; but when the magnet lost its zeal, the needles fell off. Don't you see?" "Why, I didn't mean to. I never thought," said Mildred soberly. "No, of course you didn't; and now you are going to swing right about, and be a good little magnet again, to draw all the others toward the heathen, and toward mission work, and toward God." "But what makes you think—I don't think I have any more influence than the rest," persisted Mildred, quite unwilling to take the burden that seemed ready to fall upon her young shoulders. "But you have. God has given you that gift. You can think of things, and plan, and get others to help you. It is a great gift, so be careful how you use it." Mildred drew a long breath. "I'd have felt awfully if you'd left us, Miss Gaines, and you'll see me here every time this year, honest and true. Why, what if I'd killed the Band?" "Surely, what if?" repeated Miss Gaines, as she gave Millie a parting kiss.

"Did you find the Band alive, Millie?" inquired Will at the tea table that night. "Yes indeed, it's as live-as can be," replied Mildred with old-time enthusiasm. "And what do you think? We're going to dress a lot of dolls, and send a Band box to Japan!" "Send a band-box

to Japan?" echoed her father, looking over his eye-glasses curiously.

"O, not that kind, papa, but the kind you spell with a 'big B,' " she explained, laughing heartily over her father's mistake." "Yes, Millie has begun the year with a 'big B,' father, so far as missionary work goes. Let's see how long it lasts," said Will.

As time wore on, however, she did not forget her "resolution," and she did help dress twelve lovely dolls for the "Japan girls;" but she did not tell any one, not even her mother, how near she came to killing the Band.—*Heathen Children's Friend*.

COUSIN JOY'S COSY CORNER.

Cousin Joy bids all the little readers of the PALM BRANCH "Good Morning." And what a morning it is, to be sure. A fine, clear, cold, Canadian winter morning. What could be more delightful?

Cousin Joy has been wondering how many little hearts and voices have been raised in thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the gift of another day! Dear children do you know what this gift of a new day means to you? It ought to mean "One more day's work for Jesus." Does it really mean that to each one of you?

Have you noticed that grown-up folks in the family, when they have any special work to do choose the morning hours for it? That is because they know that the morning is the freshest and brightest part of the day.

So it is with childhood and early youth—the morning of life, while the heart is fresh and young and full of sunshine—that is the time to begin to work for God. Think of it, dear little Cousins.

We give a nice little letter from a St. Stephen cousin.

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 16th 1894

Dear Cousin Joy,—I want to tell you about my little brother, who came to us one cold Sunday morning in November, and who is just the brightest bit of sunshine that God ever sent into any home. He has not much hair, but big black eyes which he uses even now to see the light. He has a double chin, a dimple and little pin-cushions on his knuckles; his hands and feet are soft as cotton-wool.

My brother and I belong to the "Torch Bearers" Mission Band, and mother has made baby Jack a little Light Bearer, hoping that if he is spared he may either send or carry the glad tidings to those in heathen lands. We

are trying to have quite a number on the Light Bearers' Roll.

Perhaps some of the Bands will take up this gathering in of the little ones under 5 years. The enrollment Cards are very pretty and baby is going to have his hung up in the nursery. Mother hopes he will indeed "Shine for Jesus" which is the motto.

Good-bye, Cousin Joy,
Yours truly,

Aged 11.

CONNIE CHIPMAN.

[How we should all like to see this dear little brother! How sweet he must be! We are glad to welcome the little new Light Bearer, and all join in the good wish that his dear mother's hopes and prayers may be more than realized. By the way who will write us a nice little letter and explain the meaning of Light Bearers? There may be some one who does not know about them.]

Puzzle Drawer.

ENIGMA.

1. One of the oldest empires in the world.
2. A king who was granted longer life in answer to his own prayers.
3. One who walked in good company.
4. A prophet who told a king a very unpleasant truth.
5. A doubting disciple.
6. One who judges in a game.

The initial letters of these names form a new mission station.

CHARADES.

My first is a bird—alas, its tail is off; my second is a kitchen utensil. My whole is the name of a foreign country in which we are all interested.

My first is a part of the body; my second opens a door; my third is an exclamation. My whole is a part of Japan.

My first is a boy's name; my second is a member of a family. My whole the name of another Japan missionary.

Going and Praying.

I can't go out to the distant lands,
Where the heathen live and die,
Who have never heard of the children's Friend
Above the bright blue sky;
And I can't go yet to tell the news
Of the Saviour's love to man,
But I'm quite, quite sure that when God says,
"go,"
I'll go as fast as I can!

I can't give much, for I am not rich;
So I mean to collect the more,
And also give what I really can
Out of my little store;
I'll give my pennies, my love, my prayers,
And ask God to bless each plan
That is made for the good of the heathen world—
I'll pray as much as I can!

—Exchange.

Names and Addresses of Band Corresponding Secretaries.

EASTERN BRANCH:

MISS E. BAILLY, - - - Iroquois Ont.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH:

MRS. BASOBI, - 189 Dunn Ave., Toronto.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

MISS HAWLEY - - - Bath, Ont.

WESTERN BRANCH:

MRS. F. N. DALY, 536 Dufferin Av., London, Ont.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH

MRS. BROWNRIGG, - Bridgewater, N. S.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BRANCH:

MRS. S. HOWARD, - - Hampton, N. B.

Leaves from the Branches.

EASTERN BRANCH.

IROQUOIS, Jan. 10, 1894.

The Iroquois Young Ladies Mission Circle is just beginning its second year's work. It is an outgrowth from the children's Band, which was formed in 1888, and several of its members were the first ones in the band.

Finding it difficult to interest younger and older ones in the same service the older ones chose a separate existence, so the Circle pushed out with a membership of nine. The wisdom of this step has been shown by the growth which has followed, twenty eight names being now enrolled.

Last spring we held an "at home" at the house of one of our members; invitations being also sent to a number of young ladies outside.

It was a great help to us socially, and served to enlist some others with us.

One most interesting feature of the evening was a Missionary Game. Before coming, each member had selected a missionary and thoroughly studied his life and work. Her choice was kept secret and the company by questioning endeavored to guess who it was. Much puzzling, some mistakes and considerable fun arose from this. Music, cake and coffee completed the entertainment. We meet regularly once a month. This year each alternate meeting is given to some country. Different ones take the geography, history, religion and mission work. Upon the other evenings we have a programme of readings and music arranged for by

a committee appointed for the purpose. A bible reading is prepared for each meeting by a member, several passages being written out, distributed and read. The prayer service is always found a great help and blessing. Mite boxes have been taken by most of our members and we purpose having an Easter Offering this year.

Our aim is to do more for Christ this year and to learn more about His work and workers in the mission field.

We would be glad to hear from others and are hoping thus to gather new methods of work and plans for increasing interest.

BAND NOTES.

Wolfville Band, organized last October with seven members, has since increased to nineteen. Much interest is being taken by the members and it is hoped that the mite box which each has taken will be found filling up as the weeks and months go by. The members of this band did good work in assisting lately with the programme carried out at an auxiliary social.

"Seed-sowers" Band, of Acadia, Yarmouth, through some unfortunate mistake, has never been mentioned in the annual report. We rejoice to learn that this has not seriously affected the zeal of its members, for although small in numbers, and all under twelve years of age, they hold a Christmas sale, and are making enquiries about our new Band paper.

"Earnest Gleaners" Band, of "Providence" Church, Yarmouth, has added fifteen new members to its roll since September, and is now preparing for an entertainment an account of which we hope to be able to give before long.

"Snowflake" Band, of Bridgewater, though working under some difficulties is progressing fairly well, and has some members who promise well as workers in the future.

Mrs. C. H. Huestis of St. George's, Bermuda has written for band literature and organizing outfit. We trust that this will result in the formation of a new band in the sunny summer islands of the South.

M. F. BROWNRIGG,
Cor. Sec. N. S. Branch.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BRANCH.

Will Band members kindly bear in mind that all the Literature of the N. B. and P. E. I. Branch, including 'Light Bearers' Cards' is in the hands of Miss Carrie B. Jordan, Public Library, St John, North? I mention this simply as a matter of economy to our society.

When you send to me for these things two postage stamps are required when one would do.

I would advise all who have not a list of our literature to send a two cent stamp to Miss Jordan and get one. It will suggest where you can get something to read at your regular meetings through the winter.

A few bands have intimated a change in the names of their Cor. Secy., but I fear there have been many changes of which I have not heard. Please send the name of your present Cor. Secy. on a postal card.

Let me draw you two pictures. The first is the image of a lady with care upon her brow and pen behind her ear. The fifteenth of each month, with beseeching eyes, and out stretched hand her face is turned toward Hampton. At the place first named figure No. 2 (also a female) may be seen, any time between the 1st and 15th of each month anxiously looking toward the N. B. and P. E. I. Bands. Do you earnestly ask "What are they looking for? We answer: reports from the mission bands. Will band Sec'ys please address them to,

Mrs. S. HOWARD,
Band Sec'y
Hampton, N. B.

Foreign Correspondence.

The climate in Shidzuoka at this time, is very delightful. You may judge of it when I tell that on December 9th we took the girls to spend their holiday in a lovely orange grove, where the luscious fruit was dropping round us everywhere. However when you will be enjoying your pleasant spring, our turn will come for uncomfortable outdoor and indoor weather. Even now, although it is very warm in the sun, we have to wear thick clothes in the house, which is old and draughty, and here you know, heating houses is not an advanced science and art as with us at home.

Perhaps it will be as interesting as anything if I try to give you a brief outline of my duties in Shidzuoka. I live at a girls' school of which

Miss Robertson of St. John is principal, while I have charge of the Evangelistic work in that town and in other outlying districts.

My programme for the day is about as follows: at six, the bell for rising; at seven, breakfast; then I teach one hour in the school, and after that I devote the time until dinner to study and preparation for my meetings. Three days in the week I study with a teacher for three hours; on the other days I study but one hour, as then I go off somewhere by train to hold meetings. These railway trips occur about sixteen times in a month. I am accompanied by one or both of the Japanese helpers and they are indeed most valuable assistants, one is a graduate of the Tokio school, the other expects to return to Tokio next year to fit herself more thoroughly for her work.

We usually travel third class on these journeys. This is not very pleasant, for the cars are crowded and everybody smokes, however it is cheaper and also it gives a better opportunity of coming in contact with the class of people we are anxious to reach.

A funny thing happened to me one day on the train which may amuse you. A woman got into the car with a two year old boy on her back.

The child had never seen a foreigner before and was awfully afraid of me and begged his mother to take him out, the mother soothed him and told him to look at my hat and tell her what he thought of it. He said "dami desu" which means, "it is a useless thing."

Another day when I was walking along a strange street, a Japanese dog saw me. He, like the child, had never seen a foreigner before and you saw such a scared looking dog before in your life. It is very curious to observe the enmity between the Japanese and English dogs. The former are always the aggressors and bite and torment our dogs, but will at once slink away at sight of Miss Robertson or myself.

When we reach the place at which the meeting is to be held we try to induce the children to come in by singing for them and promising to tell them stories and teach them to sing. We get the women too and talk to them and give them tracts, cards, and small books. They crowd round us in surprising numbers, and eagerly take the books, and seem to like the stories and music. We can only sow the seed, water it with our prayers and trust that it may bring forth fruit.

(Concluded next month)